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The Kincardine zetus

Kincardine
[Scotland]

[1850]

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1850.**

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THE
KINCARDINE

ZETUS:

A COLLECTION OF THE
MOST POPULAR SONGS

ADAPTED TO
CLASSES.



KINCARDINE;
Printed and sold by J. MERCER.
1850.

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THE
KINCARDINE
ZETUS.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALOCH.

Roy's wife of Aldivaloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivaloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I came o'er the braes of Balloch,

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine,
She said she lo'ed me best of ony ;
But oh ! the fickle faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

O she was a canty quean,
And weel could dance the Highland walloch,
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I'd been Roy of Aldivaloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
Her wee bit mou, sae sweet and bonnie ;
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

But Roy is aulder thrice than me,
Perhaps his days will no be mony ;
Syne, when the carle is dead an' gane,
She then may turn her thoughts on Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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ZETUS.

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Perhaps his days will no be mony ;
Syne, when the carle is dead an' gane,
She then may turn her thoughts on Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

HEARTS OF OAK.

COME, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year ;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as we sons of the waves !

Hearts of oak are our ships,

Jolly tars are our men ;

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,

They never see us but they wish us away ;

If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,

For if they wont fight us, what can we do more ?

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,

They frighten our women, our children, and beaux ;

But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,

Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore,

Hearts of oak, &c.

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat

In spite of the devil and Brussels' Gazette :

Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,

Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king !

Hearts of oak, &c.

ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT'S this dull town to me ?

Robin's not near.

What was't I wish'd to see ?

What wish'd to hear ?

Where's all the joy and mirth,

Made this town a heaven on earth ?

Oh ! they'r all fled with thee,

Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine ?

Robin Adair.

What made the ball so fine ?

Robin was there.

What when the play was o'er,

What made my heart so sore ?

Oh ! it was parting with

Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair !

But now thou'rt cold to me,

Robin Adair !

Yet he I loved so well,

Still in my heart shall dwell ;

Oh ! I can ne'er forget

Robin Adair.

THE BONNIE BREIST-KNOTS.

TUNE,— Bonnie Briest-Knots.

HEY the bonnie, ho the bonnie,

Hey the bonnie breist-knots !

Tight and bonnie were they a',

When they got on their breist-knots.

There was a bridal in this town,

And till't the lasses a' were boun',

Wi' mankie facings on their gowns,

And some o' them had breist-knots.

At nine o'clock the lads convene,

Some clad in blue, some clad in green,

Wi' glancin' buckles in their sheen,

And flowers upon their waistcoats.

Forth cam the wives a' wi' a phrase,

And wished the lassie happy days ;

And meikle thocht they o' her claes,

And 'specially the breist-knots.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

T. Moore.

Oh, the days are gone when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove,
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love,
New joys may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer, beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar
When wild youth's past,
Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last,
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every pause, she blushed to hear
The once-loved name.

Oh, that hallowed hour is ne'er forgot
Which first love-traced,
Still it, lingering, haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged dream,
'Twas a light that ne'er shall shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE MAID OF JUDAH.

Music and Poetry by C. Sloman.

No more shall the children of Judah sing,
The lay of a happier time ;
Or strike the harp with the golden string,
'Neath the sun of an eastern clime ;
Or strike the harp with the golden string,
'Neath the sun of an eastern clime.

This, this was the lay of a Jewish maid,
Though not in her father's bowers,
So sweetly she sang, as in sadness she stray'd,
O'er the ruins of babylon's towers.

No more shall the children of Judah, &c.

O where are the sons of mine ancient race,
Who were born the Jav'lin to bear ;
How fall'n is the city whose wreck I now trace,
That once was so lovely and fair.
The green grass grows on that fertile spot,
Where once grew sweetest flowers ;
Land of my kindred thou'lt ne'er be forgot,
While a ruin remains of thy towers.
Land of my kindred thou'lt ne'er be forgot,
While a ruin remains of thy towers.

No more shall the children of Judah, &c.

HERE'S A HEALTH.

HERE'S a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses,
Let the bumper toast go round.
May they live a life of pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
For with them true joys are found

THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D.

Sung with unbounded applause by Mr. Braham.

THE tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore ;
My bosom heaved with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.

" Dear youth," she cried, " and canst thou haste away ;
My heart will break— a little moment stay.

Alas ! I cannot— I cannot part from thee."

" The anchor's weigh'd ; farewell, farewell, remember me!"

" Weep not, my love," I trembling said ;

" Doubt not a constant heart like mine :

I ne'er can meet another maid

Whose charms can fix my heart like thine."

" Go then," she cried, " but let thy constant mind
Oft think of her thou leav'st in tears behind."

" Dear maid— this last embrace my pledge shall be,
The anchor's weigh'd ; farewell, farewell, remember me!"

THE LAST LINKS ARE BROKEN.

Popular Duet.— The Music from Mozart.—
Adapted by Fanny Steers.

THE last links are broken that bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken have rendered me free ;
That bright glance, misleading, on others may shine,
Those eyes smiled unheeding when tears burst from mine.

If my love was deem'd boldness, that error is o'er,
I've witnessed thy coldness, and prize thee no more ;
Oh ! I have not loved lightly, I'll think on thee yet,
And pray for thee nightly, till life's sun hath set.

THE HERO OF BALLINACRAZY.

WHEN I lived once in Ballinacrazy, dear,
The girls were all tight as a daisy, dear ;
When I gave them a smack they whispered good lack,
And cried, Paddy now can't you be aisly, dear.

First I married Miss Dolly O'Daisy, dear,
She had two swivel eyes— wore a jaisy, dear,
Then to fat miss Malone weighing seventeen stone,
Then to lantern-jaw'd skinny O'Casey, dear.

When I lived, &c.

Then I married miss Dorothy Taizy, dear,
She was a toast once in Ballinacrazy, dear,
Her left leg was good, but its fellow was wood,
And she hop'd like a duck round a daisy, dear.

When I lived, &c.

Then I married her sister miss Taizy, dear,
But she turned out so idle and lazy, dear,
That I took from the peg, my deceased lady's leg,
To lather my live one when lazy, dear.

When I lived, &c.

Next I married ould rich mother Hazy, dear,
She'd a cough and employed Dr Blazy, dear,
But some drops that he gave dropp'd her into her grave,
But her cash made me very soon aisly, dear.

When I lived, &c.

MACLEAN'S WELCOME.

Words by Hogg.— Air from the Gaelic.

COME o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream Charlie, and dine wi' Maclean,
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his royal train.
We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring down the
black steer,

The lamb from the braiken, the doe from the glen,
The salt sea we'll herry, and bring to our Charlie
The cream from the bothy, the curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.

And ye shall drink freely the dews of Glen Sheerly,
That stream in the starlight, when kings do not ken ;
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
To drink to your Sire, and his friend the Maclean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready— a troop of our bold highlandmen
Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.

CATCH FOR FOUR VOICES.

My wife's dead— There let her lie—
She's at rest— And so am I.

ROSE OF LUCERNE, OR, THE SWISS TOY GIRL.

I've come across the sea,
 I've braved every danger,
 For a brother dear to me,
 From Swiss-land a ranger ;
 Then pity, assist, and protect a poor stranger,
 And buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.
 A little toy, a little toy ;
 Then buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

Come round me, ladies fair,
 I've ribbons and laces,
 I've trinkets rich and rare,
 To add to the graces
 Of waist, neck, or arm, or your sweet pretty faces ;
 Then buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.
 A little toy, a little toy ;
 Then buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

I've paint and I've perfume,
 For those who may use them ;
 Young ladies, I presume,
 You all will refuse them ;
 The bloom on your cheek shows that you never use
 them ;
 Yet buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.
 A little toy, a little toy ;
 Yet buy a little toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

I've a cross to make you smart,
 On your breast you may bear it,
 Just o'er your little heart
 I advise you to wear it ;
 And I hope that no other cross e'er will come near it ;
 Yes I do ;—so buy a toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.
 Yes, I do, Yes, I do :
 So buy a toy, buy a toy of poor Rose of Lucerne.

RULE BRITANNIA.

Thomson.

WHEN Britain first, at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :

Rule, Britannia,
Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blessed as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that rends the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,—
But work their wo and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore encircles thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair,
Blessed Isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
O ! where shall I my true love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew ?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below ;
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in the air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest ;
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

“ O Susan, Susan, lovely dear !

My vows shall ever true remain :
Let me kiss off that falling tear,

We only part to meet again :
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

" Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find ;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

" If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white ;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

" Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return ;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay on board ;
They kiss'd— she sigh'd— he hung his head :
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
" Adieu," she cried, and waved her lily hand.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are ye sure the news is true ?

And are ye sure he's weel ?

Is this a time to think o' wark ?

Mak haste, set by your wheel

Is this a time to think o' wark,

When Colin's at the door ?

Gie me my cluik, I'll to the quay,

And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck at a' ;

There's little pleasure in the house,

When our gudeman's awa.

O gie me down my bigonet,

My bishop-satin gown,

For I maun tell the bailie's wife,

That Colin's come to town.

My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,

My hose o' pearl blue,

It's a' to please my ain gudeman,

For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side,

Put on the muckle pat ;

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday's coat :

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,

Their hose as white as snaw ;

It's a' to please my ain gudeman,

For he's been lang awa.

There are twa hens upon the bauk ;

They've fed this month and mair ;

Mak haste, and thraw their necks about,

That Colin weel may fare :

And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw ;
 It's a' for love of my gudeman.
 For he's been lang awa.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air,
 His very foot has music in't,
 When he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht,
 In troth, I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thrilled through my heart,
 They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
 Till death we'll never part ;
 But what puts parting in my head ?
 It may be far awa ;
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel I'm weel content,
 I hae nae mair to crave ;
 Could I but live to make him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave.
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht,
 In troth, I'm like to greet.

WHILST WITH VILLAGE MAIDS.

WHILST with village maids I stray,
 Sweetly wears the joyous day,
 Cheerful glows my artless breast,
 Mild content the constant guest.

A BRAVE OLD COUNTRY GENTLEMAN,
ALL OF THE OLDEN TIME.

I'LL sing you an old song, that was made by an old pate,
Of a worshipful old gentleman, who had an old estate ;
He kept a brave old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate,
Like a brave old country gentleman, all of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around, with pikes and guns and
bows.
With swords and bucklers that had stood against old foes,
And there his worship held his state in doublet and trunk
hose,
And quaffed his cup of good old wine to warm his good
old nose,
Like a brave old country gentleman all of the olden time.

When winter cold, brought Christmas old, he opened house
to all,
And tho' threescore and ten his years he featly led the
ball,
Nor was the houseless wanderer then driven from the hall,
For while he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the small.
The brave old country gentleman, who loved the olden
time.

But time tho' old is strong in flight, and years wend swiftly
by,
And autumn's falling leaf foretold the old man he must die ;
He laid him down and tranquilly gave up life's latest sigh,
While a heavy sadness fell around, and tears dimm'd every
eye,
For the last old country gentleman, that loved the olden
time.

THE SWISS BOY.

Words by William Ball, Esq.—The Music arranged by
J. Moschelles.

COME, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss boy !

Take thy pail, and to labour away,

• Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave swiss boy !

Take thy pail, and to labour away.

The sun is up with ruddy beam,

The kine are thronging to the stream.

Come, arouse thee, &c.

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,

When I hie to the mountain away ?

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss boy,

When I hie to the mountain away ?

For there a shepherd maiden dear,

Awaits my song with listening ear.

Am not I, &c.

Then at night, then at night, O, a gay Swiss boy !

I'm away to my comrades, away.

Then at night, then at night, O, a gay Swiss boy !

I'm away to my comrades, away.

The cup we fill, the wine is passed

In friendship round, until at last

With " Good night," and " Good night," goes the
happy Swiss boy

To his home and his slumbers away.

OH, ARE YOU SLEEPIN', MAGGIE?
Tannahill.

O, ARE ye sleepin', Maggie ?

O, are ye sleepin', Maggie ?

Let me in, for loud the linn

Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie !

Mirk and rainy is the night ;

No a starn in a' the carie ;

Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,

And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank ;

The rifted wood roars wild and drearie ;

Loud the iron yett does clank ;

And cry o' howlets maks me cerie.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,

For fear I raise your waukrife daddy ;

Cauld's the blast upon my cheek ;

O rise, rise, my bonnie lady !

She oped the door ; she let him in ;

He cuist aside his dreepin' plaidie ;

Blaw your warst, ye wind and rain,

Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye !

Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,

Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie.

What care I for howlet's cry,

For boor-tree bank and warlock craigie !

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

Written by James Hogg.—Composed and arranged for the
Piano Forte, by N. Gow, jun.

CAM' ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,

Down by the Tummel, or banks of the Garry?

Saw ye my lad, wi' his bonnet and white cockade,

Leaving his mountains to follow Prince Charlie?

Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?

Lang hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairly;

Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?

King of the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie.

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald,

But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;

Health to M'Donald and gallant Clan-Ronald,

For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.

Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;

Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie;

Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field with them—

They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.

Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the whigamore;

Loyal true Highlanders, down with them rarely;

Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore

Over the necks of the foes of Prince Charlie.

Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

GALLA WATER.

Music by Pleyel.

THERE's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather ;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I ha'e na meikle tocher ;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure.

GLORIOUS APOLLO.

Glorious Apollo from on high beheld us,
Wand'ring to find a temple for his praise,
Sent Polyhymnia hither to shield us,
Whilst we ourselves such a structure might raise,
Thus, then, combining,
Hands and hearts joining,
Sing we in harmony Apollo's praise.

Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,
Music inspiring unity and joy,
Each social pleasure giving and partaking,
Glee and good humour our hours employ.
Thus, then, combining,
Hands and hearts joining,
Long may continue our unity and joy.

THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

Tannahill.

TUNE,—The flower of Dunblane.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lonely I stray, in the calm summer gloamin,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin blossom !
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green ;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to his bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
She's modest as onie, and blithe as she's bonnie ;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;
And far be the villain, divested o' feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy sang to the e'enin,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of calderwood glen ;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming your Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie !
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain ;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

TUNE,— Jock o' Hazeldean.

“ WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye—
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen :”
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

“ Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale :
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen :”
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

“ A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen :”
But aye she loot the tears down fa',
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight were there :
They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;
The ladye was not seen !—
She's o'er the border, and awe
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean !

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMING,

Saw ye Johnnie coming, quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnnie coming ;
 O saw ye Johnnie coming, quo' she,
 Saw ye Johnnie coming ;
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 And his doggie running, quo' she,
 And his doggie running.

Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him,
 Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him.
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a weel-doing ;
 And a' the wark about the house
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
 Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hizzie,
 What will I do wi' him ?
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gie him.
 I hae twa sarks into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gie him ;
 And for a merk of mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him ;
 For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him.
 O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him,
 He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
 And crack wi' me at ee'n.

THE SPINNIN' WHEEL.

Dan and Thomson.

As I sat at my spinnin' wheel,
A bonnie laddie he pass'd by,
As I sat at my spinnin' wheel,
A bonnie laddie he pass'd by.
I turn'd me round and view'd him weel,
For oh! he had a glancin' e'e;
My panting heart began to feel,
But aye I turned my spinnin' wheel.

My snow-white hands he did extol,
He praised my fingers neat and small,
My snow-white hands he did extol,
He praised my fingers neat and small;
He said there was na lady fair,
That ance wi' me he wad compare;
His words into my heart did steal,
But aye I turned my spinnin' wheel.

He said lay by your rock, your reel,
Your winnings an' your spinnin' wheel,
He said lay by your rock, your reel,
Your winnings an' your spinnin' wheel,
He bad me lay them a' aside,
And come an' be his bonny bride;
And oh! I liked his words sae weel,
I lay'd aside my spinnin' wheel'

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Sung by Miss Stephens.—Words by Burns.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;

But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither ;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the Queen.

FINIS.



